

DIG  
 THIS  
 CRAZY  
 COMIC







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# the shave OF

## CHAMPIONS

I always use my Cutthroat Blades to whittle down my baseball bats. It's the only blade I know that has knives beat by a mile!

Ummm! I just love to run my hands over his Adam's Apple! He had such a horrid lump before — and now — I'll just have to go out and marry him because he uses — CUTTHROAT BLADES!

**CUTTHROAT  
BLADES  
ONLY \$9.99**



**SIMON SHMIDLAMP** of the Boston Shmidlamps says — Whenever I want my face to be SMOOOOOOTH — real SMOOOOOOTH — I steal pater's razor while mater isn't looking — and I SHAVE!!! It gives me the thrill of a lifetime. I just shut myself up in my little ol' pent-house and — SHAVE!

**MEN! MEN!** Calling all men to CUTTHROAT BLADES! Does your wife beat you lately? Does your business partner give you a hard time? Does your secretary refuse to sit on your lap? Buy a carton of these steel-shavings, black-honed blades. GUARANTEED TO CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK. Don't let other blades give you a pain in the neck. TRY CUTTHROATS AND GET THAT PAIN ON YOUR FACE!

### BUY ONE TODAY — Remember:

There's never a dull moment when you use — Cutthroat Blades. You'll be the most wide-awake patient in the hospital ward. Your worries and cares will be gone. People will love you — especially doctors! So get smart — be SHARP .... USE CUTTHROAT BLADES wherever iodine is sold!





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WHO IS THE ONLY HANDSOME, YOUNG, FEARLESS SURGEON? WHO IS THE MOST BRILLIANT, POPULAR, TROUBLE-SEEKING, UP-STANDING, FINE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS MORE CONFLICTS IN HIS FINE, UP-STANDING MESSED-UP LIFE? YOU DON'T KNOW? WHY... IT'S NOT A BIRD... NOT A PLANE... IT'S—

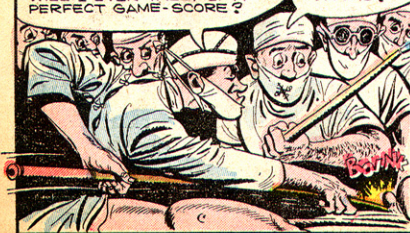
# YOUNG DR. BALONEY!



THE TOWN'S GREATEST SURGEON WAS OPERATING AGAIN IN HIS USUAL BRILLIANT WAY. ALL EYES PEERED OVER HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS—WATCHING THE SKILL OF HIS AGILE FINGERS...

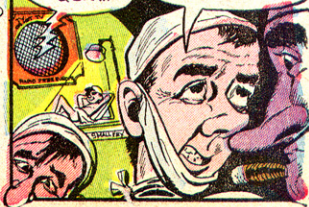
DURN, MISSED THAT DIAPHRAGM BY A MILE. I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO BETTER THE NEXT SHOT. HOW WILL I EVER TALLY UP A PERFECT GAME-SCORE?

MAGNIFICENT!  
EXTRAORDINARY!  
DARING!



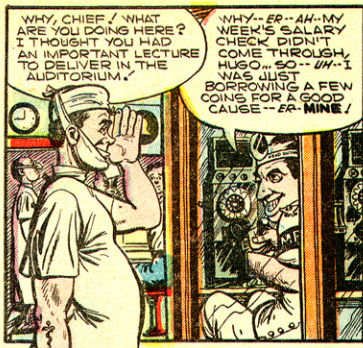
CALLING DOCTOR BALONEY...  
CALLING DOCTOR BALONEY...  
DOCTOR KILDARE HAS MISPLACED HIS SEWING-NEEDLE. HIS STOCKINGS NEED STITCHES. CALLING DOCTOR BALONEY...  
YOUR WIFE IS WAITING FOR YOU IN THE PHONE BOOTH...  
OH YOU KEEP, ROGER—WILCO—AND OUT—  
QSR...

INTERRUPTIONS!  
INTERRUPTIONS!

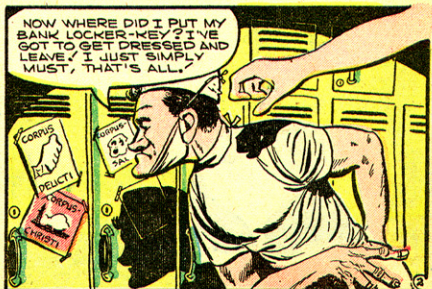
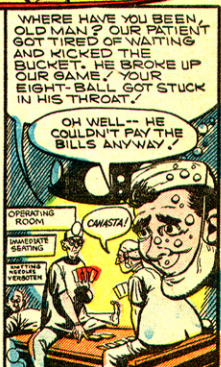
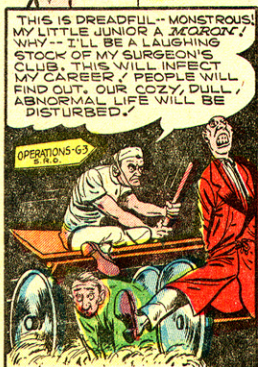




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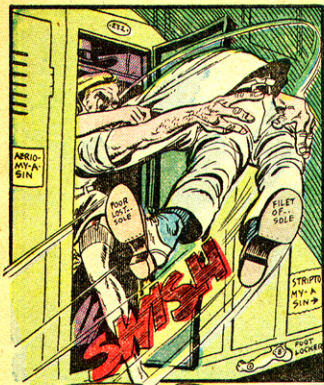


AND MOMENTS LATER IN THE BOOTH YOUNG DOCTOR BALONEY'S WIFE, PORTIA, WAS TALKING TO HIM.





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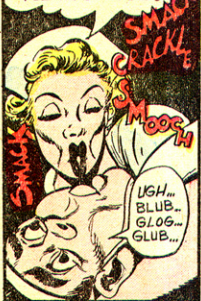


BUT HUGO BALONEY HAD RECKONED WITH-OUT THE OTHER WOMAN-- NURSE SMOOCHLIPS.

KISS ME YOU MAD LOVER BOY! KISS ME! KISS ME! I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE IN LOCKER 232 ONE LONG TIME!

PLEASE, DEBORAH! YOU KNOW I AM ALWAYS TRUE TO MY WIFE! AND THE PROFESSION! YEA!

NO MATTER, BELOVED, WE BELONG TO EACH OTHER-- YOU AND I FOREVER AND AN APPENDECTOMY YOU MAD FOOL!



I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU! FLY INTO THE NIGHT WITH ME! BE MY SURGEON-STURGEON!

WHAT WILL MY PORTIA SAY? WILL SHE APPROVE? OR WILL SHE LEAVE ME? NO, DEBORAH-- THIS IS CRAZY! WE MUST BE BRAVE! IT'S NOT CRICKET!

SMACK POP! CRACKLE!

CRICKET-SCHMICKET, WHO CARES? I WANT YOU! I WANT YOU! ARE YOU LISTENING, LOVER-BOY? TONIGHT AT EIGHT, DOLL-DADDY!

ULP! HOME, JAMES-- QUICK! I CAN'T FACE TEMPTATION! BECAUSE I'M YOUNG, BRILLIANT, AND POPULAR-- BECAUSE I'M YOUNG, DOCTOR BALONEY!

YES, GUNNOR!



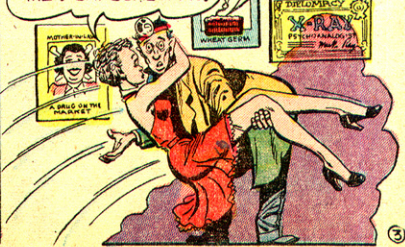
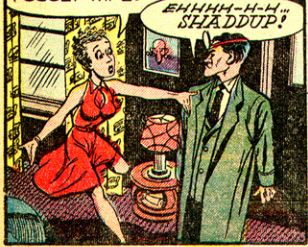
AND LATER AT HUGO BALONEY'S HOME...

HUSBAND, DEAR, HAVE YOU MISSED ME? HAVE YOU! COME TO YOUR ROLLY-POLLY BABY, YOUR OOGLY-POOGLY WIFE!

EHHHH--H-H SHADDUP!

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE WITH JUNIOR, DEAR! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME? SAY SOMETHING!

ARRGHH-- URRGHH-- I'LL PUFF! PUFF! ASK JUNIOR!

















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THIS IS THE STORY OF ELMER VAMPIRE... BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS TOO SOON & HE CAME FROM A GOOD LINE OF VAMPIRES... BLOODY HORRIBLE, A REAL GOOD LINE! BUT ELMER WAS THE **BLACK SHEEP**! THIS IS HIS STORY... HIS RISE FROM FAILURE TO SUCCESS... NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME WE BRING YOU THIS TALE CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN...

THE

WHO DAT  
WHEN I  
SAY  
WHO WHO?

I'VE SAILED  
THE SEVEN SEAS,  
MATE... AN THIS  
IS THE EIGHT!

# HOUSE OF WHACKS!

ONE - AND -  
TWO - AND..  
ONE - AND -  
TWO - AND..

NO! NO! **NO!** STOP! STOP!  
**STOP THE MUSIC!** ELMER VAMPIRE  
..YOU'RE OUT OF STEP! YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO **STALK** YOUR  
VICTIM NOT SLIDE UP TO HIM!  
THIS ISN'T A DANCE STUDIO!

MAMBO!  
GO, MAN,  
GO!

UH... ER...  
SORRY, SIR!

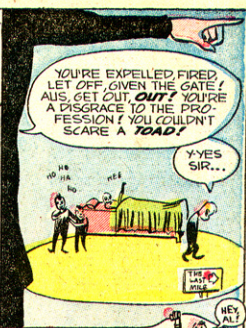
NO SHOULD  
LIKE  
AN  
INCH 2 10

REDUCED  
CLEANING  
RATES  
ON  
BLOODY  
MONEY

PAST  
ALL

LOU  
MORRIS





**B**UT ELMER WAS ENROLLED NEXT  
IN GHOUL'S SCHOOL. IN ONE OF

THE MOST FASHIONABLE CELLARS IN TOWN!

REMEMBER NOW! YOU MUST PUT AN ARTISTIC FEELING INTO YOUR GROWLS! YOU, ELMER VAMPIRE... WILL BE FIRST!

W-WHO. ME?

GROWLS WHO NOT DEATH OF

REMEMBER NOW...THERE'S A FULL MOON IN THE SKY...

POLITICIAN IN THE SKY ... SO  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT  
TOP PEAK! ELMER VAMPIRE  
..YOU CAN START IT OFF!

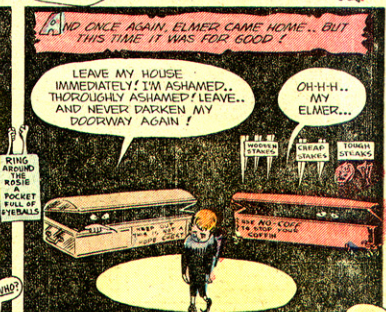
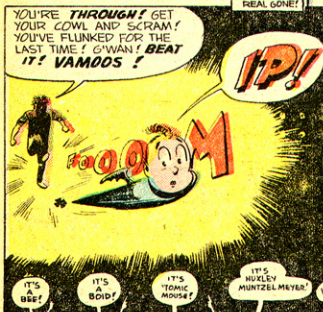
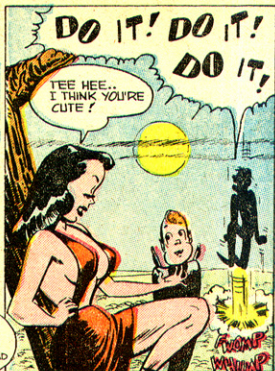
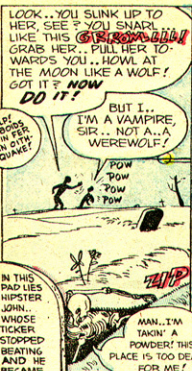
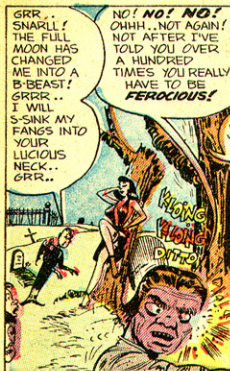
COME  
GET ME,  
WOLFIE  
BOY!

YES... I...  
I'LL TRY  
MY  
BEST!

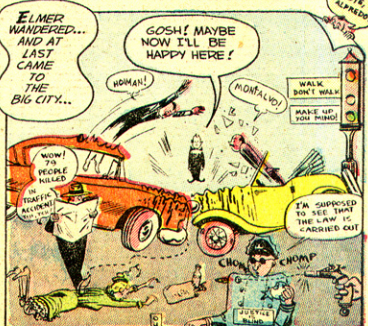
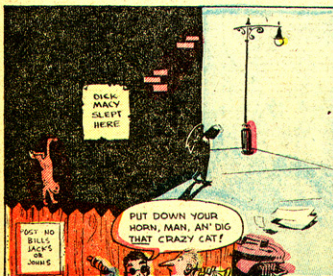
IF YOU WANT  
A ROD, CALL  
CHARLES BATEAU



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ELMER WAS DISOWNED! HE WALKED OUT INTO THE WORLD... LONELY AND FORLORN... A FAILURE BEFORE HE STARTED!



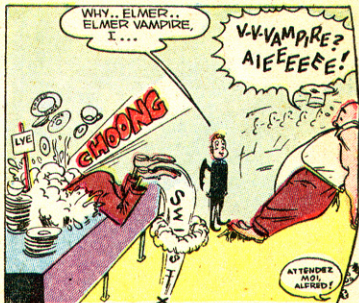
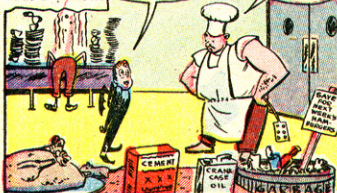


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COME TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE. ELMER SOON DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THAN OTHERS...

I COULD WASH DISHES AND...AND ALL I'LL REQUIRE IS A FEW PINTS OF BLOOD FOR FOOD AND...

**W.P!**  
BLOOD? Y-YOU SAID BLOOD? UH..W-WHAT WAS THAT NAME AGAIN?



AND OCCASIONALLY...HE'D LOSE HIS FAITH IN HUMANITY...

BUT, MA'AM... I'M SORRY IF MY TEETH ARE SO POINTED AND LARGE... HERE.. LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR BAGS!

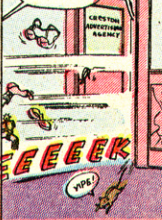


HELP! HE'S GOING TO EAT ME! POLICE! A VAMPIRE! EEEEEE!

I COULD BE A GOOD DELIVERY-BOY. I COULD FLY INSTEAD OF WALK. AN I'D SAVE YOU TIME!

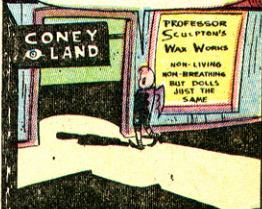
HELP! SAVE ME!

HE'S GOT.. BAT-WINGS!



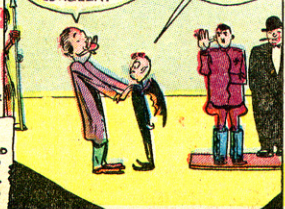
FINALLY.. DEJECTED AND DISAPPOINTED HE WALKED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS, UNTIL...

MAYBE I CAN GET A JOB HERE. I LIKE TO MAKE STATUES AND NICE DESIGNS. MAYBE THE OWNER WON'T CARE WHAT I AM AS LONG AS I DO MY JOB!



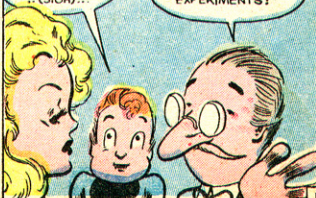
I WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY YOU, OF COURSE...BUT THINK OF THE OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT! THINK OF THE NEW FIELDS YOU'LL CONQUER!

OH..YOU'RE SO RIGHT! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, SIR!



I LIKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS..THIS MANNIKIN. FOR INSTANCE SHE'S VERY BEAUTIFUL! IF ONLY I KNEW A GIRL LIKE HER... (SIGH)...

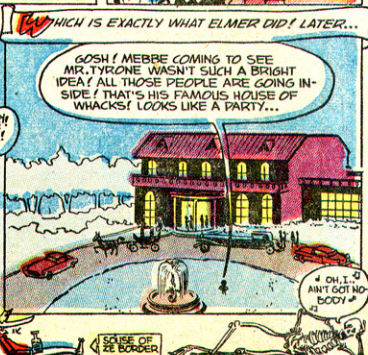
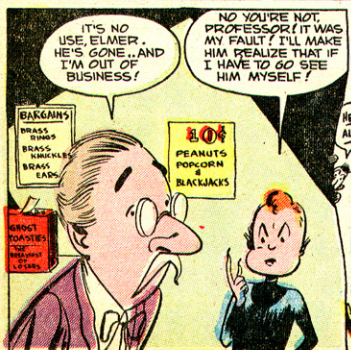
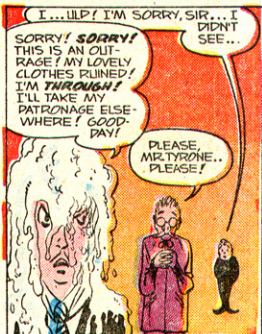
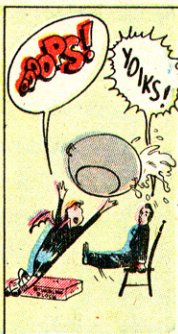
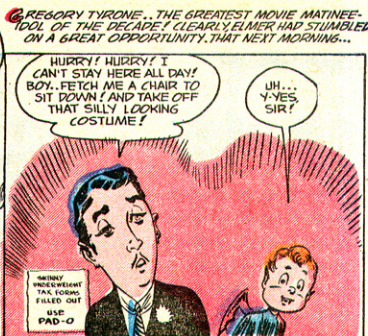
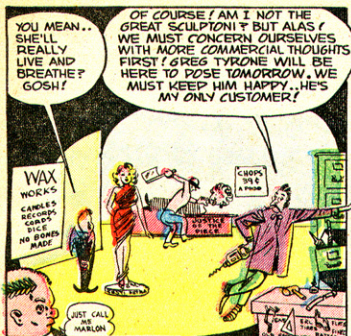
SIGH, MY YOUNG FRIEND..AND QUITE RIGHTLY..FOR I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HER TO LIFE IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE MONEY TO CONTINUE WITH MY EXPERIMENTS!



WERRA DA HUNK. HOLLY-WOOD STAR SAYS:  
FLANNELS ARE NOT FOR ME... THEY SCRATCH MY COLD ZONE!  
FLANNELS ARE NOT FOR ME... THEY SCRATCH MY COLD ZONE!  
FLANNELS ARE NOT FOR ME... THEY SCRATCH MY COLD ZONE!

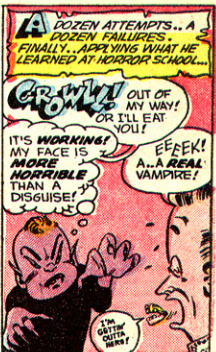
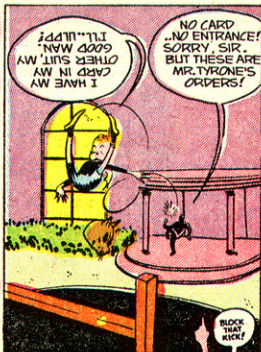
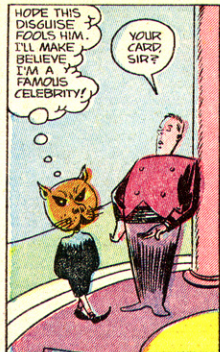


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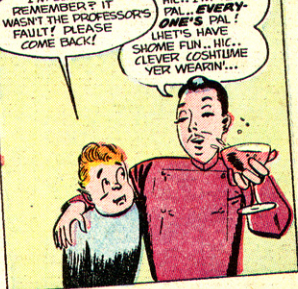
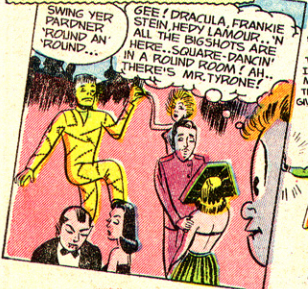




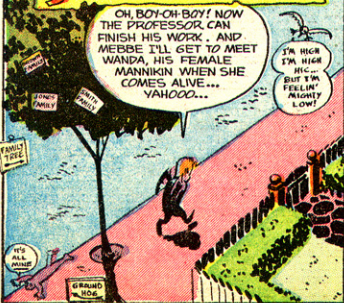
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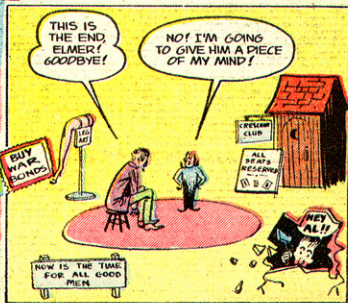
AND INSIDE THE HOUSE OF WHACKS...



SO ELMER ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION...



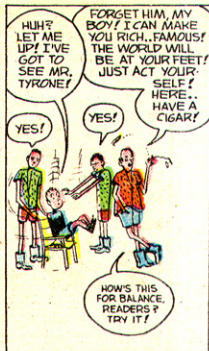
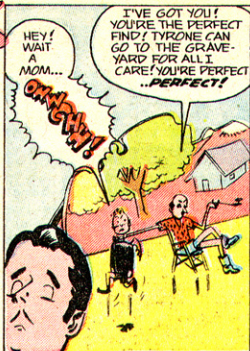
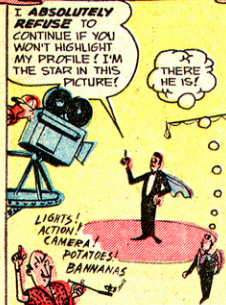
**B**UT THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE WAX WORKS... NO TYRONE!



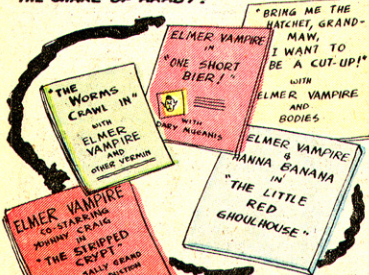


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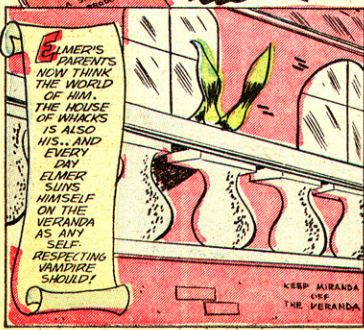
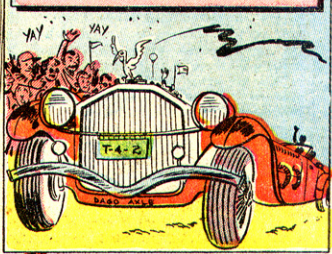
SO ONTO THE MOVIE SET OF GREY'S LATEST HORROR PICTURE, MARCHED OUR HERO...



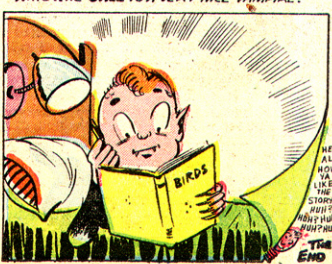
SO OVERNIGHT... ELMER VAMPIRE... OUR BOY... BECAME A STAR! MILLIONS GOT TO KNOW HIM AS THE GREATEST HORROR MENACE SINCE THE SNAKE OF ARABY!



AND NOW HE RIDES WITH HIS FRIEND... PROFESSOR SCULPTONI... AND WITH HIM ALWAYS IS HIS SWEETHEART, WANDA, WHO IS ALIVE... THANKS TO ELMER'S BRINGING HOME THE BACON AT NIGHTS...



BUT AT NIGHT... WHEN ALL ARE ASLEEP... ELMER JUST CAN'T HELP READING HIS FAIRY TALES, HIS BOOKS ON THE BIRDS AND THE BEES... BECAUSE FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS... HE STILL IS A VERY NICE VAMPIRE!





# AWAKENING

Elmer Twiddletatch of the New England Twiddletatches — the ones who made a fortune in contraband Matzohballs — was rudely awakened by XZHJDKLIPUSS, the Martian. Guzzlepuss — we'll call him that for short — hated to make like a Bug-eyed Monster from Outer Space, but what could he do? The Martian Union had it in their contract that all visitors to Earth had to put on the dog and scare everyone silly.

Elmer, being a very unimaginative Twiddletatch, decided it was just a very uninspiring nightmare and promptly turned over on his wallet-holding side for some well-earned sleep. Perhaps that is why we can explain the fact that Guzzlepuss was impatient with him, having to jab his forked trident into Elmer's wallet-holding side. Elmer's wail was blended into the roaring whine of Guzzlepuss' rocketship waiting for them up on the roof.

"Oh my achin' wallet-holding side," Elmer moaned. "Now my daily racket of being a politician will be disrupted. It will cost the taxpayers money because I'll be rude and cranky all day and just itty-bitty mean enough to make some foreign nation a present of a few billion dollars! Don't you realize who I am?" he huffed.

"Only too well, Fat-stuff," answered Guzzlepuss the Martian. "That is why you are on a Crook's tour — Martian that is — to that land of Blue Mountains and rivers where the Clouds are Cloudy all day! It was my mission to escort you there, you being the one-trillionth Terran to come to our attention!"

Before Elmer could make heads or tails — or forked tridents — out of that one, he was dumped unceremoniously into the hold of the rocketship. "Gads! what possibilities of exploring Outer Space!" he chortled. "Think of it — a vast panorama of Magnificence! A glittering array of jeweled planets" and so on, working himself into a frenzy of monopolistic speculations about which world had the Toni — the

Toni being oil, gold, uranium and other precious metals. In other words, Elmer Twiddletatch, that great Politician, was just PLAIN GREEDY. He was already dipping clutching fingers into the net gains and profits of a dozen planets when Guzzlepuss became excited enough to use his forked trident again with the same artistic flourish.

"OWWWWwww," sang Elmer, breaking through the Sound Barrier. "Why didya havta go do that for?"

"Please use your cerebellum and cerebrum my dear chap," said Guzzlepuss. "You're not out here as a guest, but as a permanent member of our Glorious Organization. Therefore, you will please refrain from insulting my triple ears with such obvious tripe. For your information, these planets have neither money, jewels, oil, gold, nor uranium. They just have doctors on one planet to practice their theories on each other instead of the victims they cure in the cemeteries every week. And on this planet," he gestured to a particularly purplish sphere slowly being left behind, "are a whole bunch of lawyers who trick each other every day. And so on all over the System. Here, for instance, is a planet with an entire battalion of Secret Societies. They spend their lives voting each other in and out with their lists of names. "And to a very true-blue ellipsoid apart from the others, he added: "This planet takes care of all the debutantes that came out and never went back in."

Now Elmer may have been a very unimaginative Twiddletatch, but he certainly was no durn fool. Putting two and two together, and pocketing one for his political expenses, he decided Guzzlepuss had no love for him and proceeded to charm him in his best Twiddletatchian manner.

"Look, my boy," he began. "Leave us come to an understanding. Will ten thousand skins do? I'll just push a bill through raising the subway fares in a dozen cities when I get back

**EH! dig this crazy comic!**



## EH COMICS

and make up that difference. How about it, son. Do we see eye to bug-eye on this? Do you scoot me back to that dear old rat-race Earth for this slight consideration?"

"NO," spelled out Guzzlepuss with a sadistic relish. "We're spacebound, so don't try to live dangerously. Besides, this is my last trip on this old tub. I wouldn't return to your smelly, jungle, war-mad, money-hungry Earth for all the skins in the Universe — even if they were black-and-blue."

Elmer saw the claw-writing on the wall and kept appropriately still.

Before he had time to contemplate his navel, however, the rocketship had landed on a very bright, sunny planet. Waiting to greet him was another bug-eyed monster who might have passed for Guzzlepuss' brother! Immediately, Elmer's mind began to see the possibilities of this amazing duplication. Given the proper conditions, he mused, he could commit a dozen robberies using the creatures in two different places. Yes, he felt — he was going to like his visit here — wherever HERE was.

"As our trillionth customer," Guzzlepuss began, "you shall be given your choice of planets. What do you think of this one?"

Elmer looked around carefully and speculatively, with the gleam of the dishonest businessman still burning in his eye. No banks to embezzle from, no civic organizations to milk from, no charities to place in one's pockets, no people being killed, robbed, maimed, murdered — GADS — this was terrible! How else could he make his decent graft? But he really made up his New England mind with some Old England twists, when the guy in the white toga stepped up and politely offered him a flute to flute on! If he wanted to blow, Elmer thought, he didn't need an old-goat of a grey-beard waving his hands under his nose. He could easily blow with the gelt, cash, loot, snatch, dough, moola, samoleons — if there were any of the same on this bit of dirt.

"I'm sorry, Guzzlepuss old dear," Elmer began. "But I must really give this place a thumbs down. It doesn't inspire me. It doesn't fill me with a sense of public trust — of a duty Above and Beyond. In short, I think it stinks. What's next?"

After a hasty and much-whispered consultation, Guzzlepuss and his brother bundled off the Great Emancipator into the rocketship and

landed on another planet. Elmer knew the difference immediately when a seedy-looking individual sidled up to him leering with studied ease, and offered him the highlights of the Nine Planets which a gentlemen like himself could have for one thin skin. Elmer would have graciously accepted had not Guzzlepuss pointed out that the thin skin the inhabitants of this particular blob wanted was that of his own body!

But that didn't stop our boy. Elmer Twiddle-tatch looked around at some of the sights. There were babes of all kinds walking around. People enjoyed themselves. Everyone laughed loud and long. There was so much food, others could hardly laugh. Fast, furious, exciting music bounced all about the place. Cars were piled thick and fast and motorists were calling each other blue words.

"What a spot for a Smart Operator," mused Elmer. "What a politician of my untarnished integrity couldn't do here. 'The place could be developed into a horsebetting, numbers, gambling, armaments, moonshining, boot-legging paradise that defied description!'

So he tearfully bade Guzzlepuss and his mirror-image goodbye and set up shop. In three short months, Elmer Twiddle-tatch was sitting pretty. In six short months, he was chief kingpin there. In one year he was bored stiff. In two years he was ready to give it all up for a chance to blow on that flute. In three years he was begging Guzzlepuss and Company to take him out of there.

"Please — PLEASE — PLEASE, old thing, old Buddy — old pal o' mine. You've got to swing this for me. I'll even give you a little percentage on the side. Do this thing, and I'll give you my eternal unblemished, honest, sincere, frank, old Earth, back-stabbing, back-biting gratitude," Elmer wailed. "I'm even willing to go to HELL if I have to! NOTHING could be worse than this!"

The bells rang out, the chimes twinkled, the bugles blew, and the drums roared while Guzzlepuss took time out to stifle his hysterical laughter — because — dear reader — you guessed it — Hell's EXACTLY where old thing, old buddy, old pal, that sterling citizen, that diamond in the smooth — our boy — Elmer Twiddle-tatch of the very prim and proper New England Twiddle-tatches — the ones who made a fortune in contraband Matzohballs — was!

THE END

**EH! dig this crazy comic!**



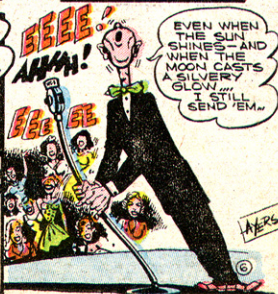
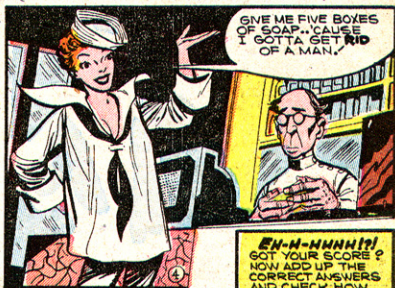
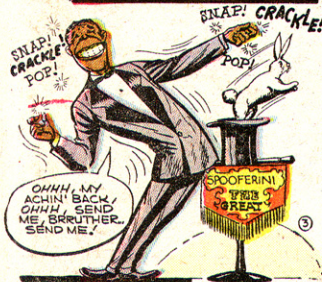
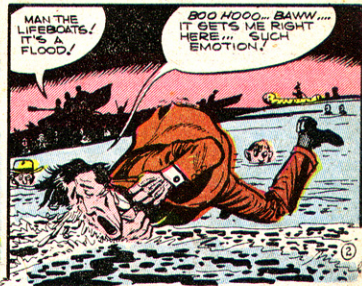
EH! dig this crazy comic!

# EH-H!?! A PUZZLE PAGE !!!



NAME THE SINGER AND THE SONG. GIVE YOURSELF TWO POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER! ONE POINT FOR NAMING THE SINGER — THE OTHER FOR THE SONG THAT IS ILLUSTRATED. READY? —

HERE WE GO !!!



**EH-N-HNNHH!**  
GOT YOUR SCORE?  
NOW ADD UP THE CORRECT ANSWERS AND CHECK HOW WELL YOU DID WITH THE MASTER GRAPH BELOW...

- 10-12... EHHHH... CELENT!  
4-9... CANCEL YOUR EH'SUBSCRIPTION!  
2-3... STEAL SOME RECORDS.  
0-1... USHHHHHHHH!

## ANSWERS

1. ENZIO PINZA... SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
2. JOHNNIE RAY... CRY
3. BILLY DANIELS... THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC
4. MARY MARTIN... I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUTTA MY HAIR
5. BING CROSBY... WHITE CHRISTMAS
6. FRANK SINATRA... NIGHT AND DAY

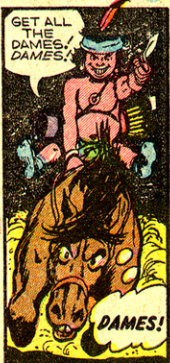
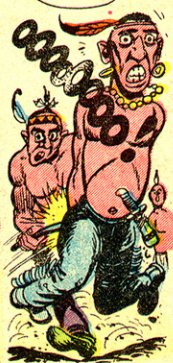
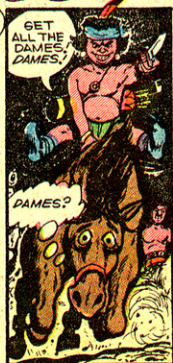
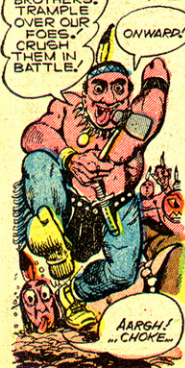
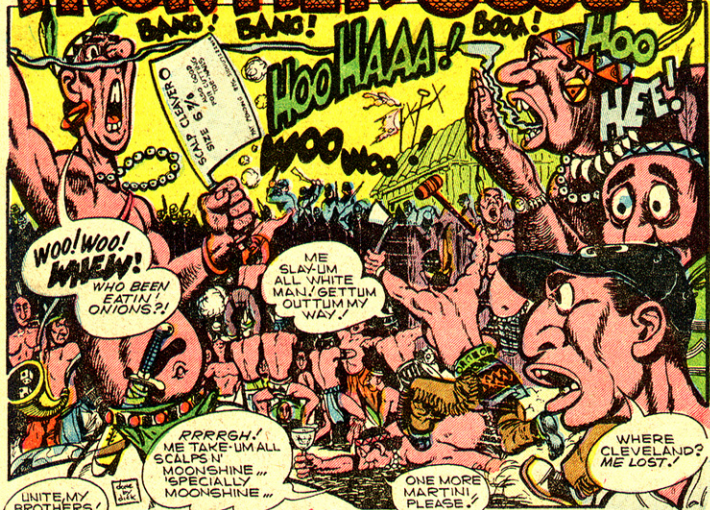
MAERS



**EH! dig this crazy comic!**

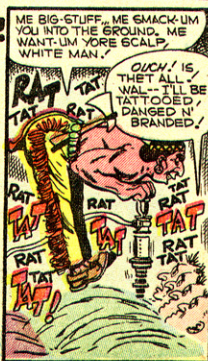
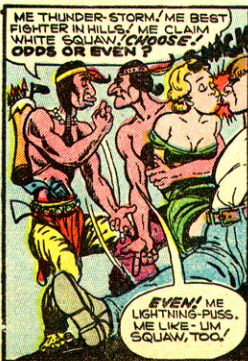
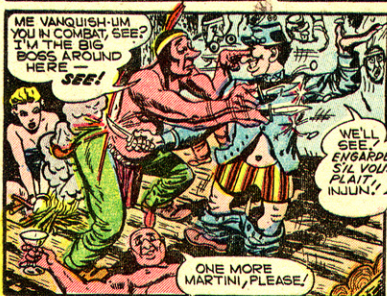
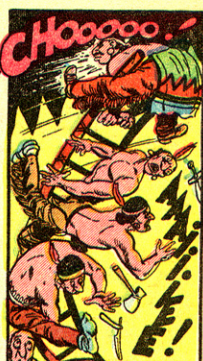
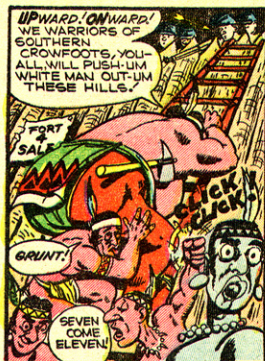
DRUMS ROLLED, SHOTS POURED — AND FORT "TI" WAS SURROUNDED BY THE SAVAGE REDSKINS WHO HAD SWORN VENGEANCE — WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL, PILLAGE, LOOT, TAKE NO MAN ALIVE. DEATH LUCKED FOR THE BRAVE DEFENDERS — UNTIL — OUT OF THE PURPLE HILLS RODE — THAT DEFENDER OF JUSTICE — THAT WESTERN HERO ...

# FRONTIER SCOUT





# EH! dig this crazy comic!





# EH! dig this crazy comic!

WHILE  
OUTSIDE  
THE  
FORT...

AROUSE THYSELVES... BRAVE  
WARRIORS OF THE SUNSET.  
OUR FOREFATHERS CALL TO  
THEE. I, **STANDING-BULL**,  
YORE LI'L OL' CHIEF, SPEAK  
TO THEE...

AWWW—  
SHADDUP!

-- YOU  
LOTTA  
BULL.

TEA  
ZONE

MEN--YOU BEEN DOING ALL RIGHT UP TO  
NOW. BUT YOU AIN'T DONE ENOUGH.  
NOW GIT IN THAR-- AN' FIGHTUM.  
FIGHTUM! FIGHTUM FER DICKER OLD  
SEMINOLE U.. REMEMBER--WE GOT  
TO MAINTAIN OUR HONOR--UM.  
**JUST YOU ALL REMEMBER  
THAT-UM!**

BRRUP!

BESIDES-- WE ALL DON'T WANNA BE  
SELLIN' WAMPUM AN' BLANKETS TO  
THOSE RICH EASTERN TOURISTS  
AT DIRTY TRAIN STATIONS, DO WE?  
COLONEL GAZOOT HAS RICH OIL  
WELLS BEHIND HIS SHACK IN THE  
FORT. THAT'S WHUT WE WANT-UM.  
WE BECOME HEAP RICH INJUNS--  
WITH CADILLACS! YEA MAN--  
HEE HEE HOO HOO HEE HEE...

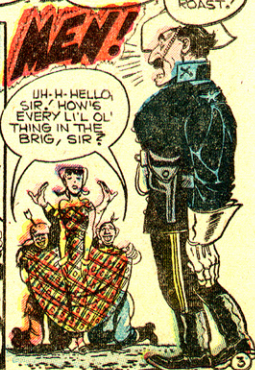
**YAHOO!**  
**HEEEHEEE! YAH!**  
**SHAZAM!**  
KILL WHITE MAN!  
KILL! GET-UM  
ALL TOUPEES!  
TENNIS  
ANYONE?  
DAMES!  
GET ALL THE  
DAMES.  
SET FIRE  
TO WHITE  
MAN'S FORT.  
HAVE-UM  
HEAP BIG  
WEENIE  
ROAST!



IS IT  
SAFE  
YET?  
LEM?  
ARE  
T-THOSE  
INJUNS  
GIVIN'  
UP?



D-DON'T  
LOOK LIKE  
THEY ARE  
SLIM.



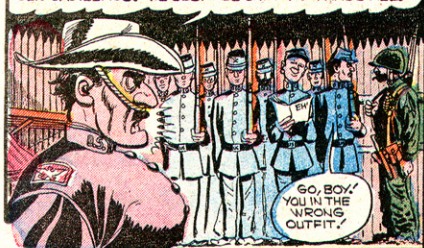
**MEN!**

UH-H-HELLO,  
SIR. HOW'S  
EVERY LI'L OL'  
THING IN THE  
BRIG, SIR?



**EH! dig this crazy comic!**

GIT AHOLD O' YOURSELVES, MEN. WE GOT TO FIGHT FER DEAR OLD FORT T1. WE REPRESENT THE CREAM O' THE BRAVE PIONEERS. WE CAN'T LET THOSE PESKY REDSKINS TAKE OVER OUR WIVES, SWEETHEARTS, AND OUR CADILLACS. WE JUST ALL *CAN'T*. THASS ALL.



I FEAR THAT MY INSPIRING/  
BRILLIANT MESSAGE TO MY/  
SOLDIERS JEST AIN'T PENETRATED  
THAR THICK SKULLS. I FEAR  
ALL IS LOST. WE ALL ARE IN  
DANGER. GADS. WHUT A  
FICKLE FIGMENTARY FIGMENT  
OF FATE. / STANDING- BULL  
WILL A-MASSACRE US-ALL.



BUT **NOW**—FROM OUT OF THE  
PURPLE HILLS CAME—**BIZON BILLY!**

I'M BACK. IN THE SADDLE

AG'IN... OLEE LAY LEE [E]



PLINKITY PLINKITY PLUNK PLUNK

PLUNK PLUNK  
CLOP CLOPPITY

A close-up photograph of a red sign with the word 'CUSTOMER' in white capital letters. To the right of the sign, several playing cards are visible, including the Ace of Spades and the Ace of Hearts.

LAST



VAHOOO



SMACK  
UM—  
HAVE

REAL FUN.

INDA  
LA  
BONZ!

WE SCALP HIM! HEE HEE!!!  
OH-- ARE WE GOING

WE GOING HAVE FUN.

... BACK IN THE WEST WHERE A  
MAN'S A MAN... DEE... LAY "O..."



**AD PINK CLIP**

**CLIP**

CLAP



# FASTING

YAH OOOOO!

BEHOLD, MY BRAVE BROTHERS. A WHITE MAN.

GET HIM!

WE SCALP UM!

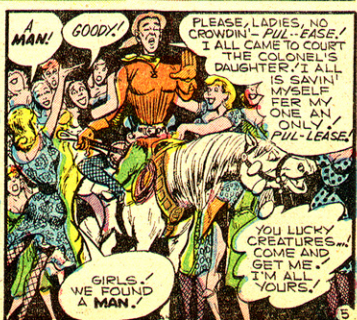
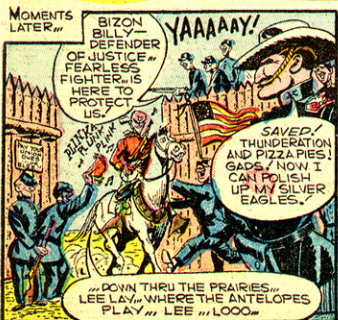
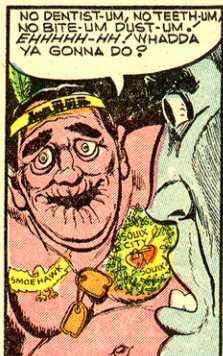
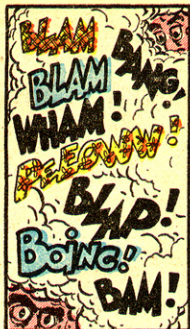
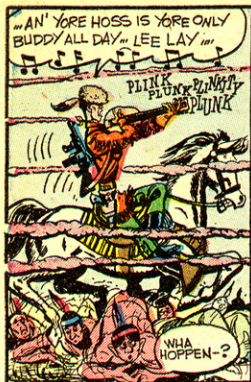
INDA LA BONZ.

HEE HEE... OH-- ARE WE GOING TO HAVE FUN.

DIG THAT CRAZY LIKE ON THE DUKE!

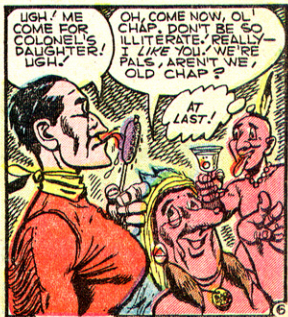
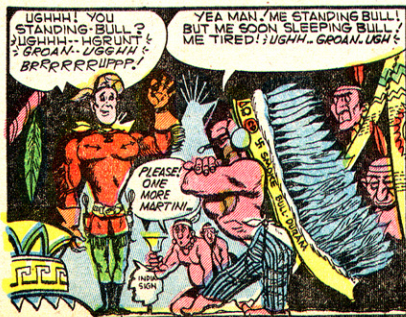
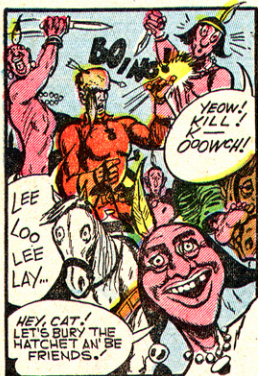
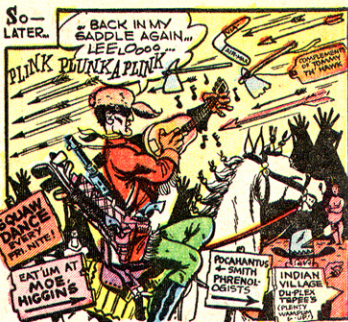


# EH! dig this crazy comic!



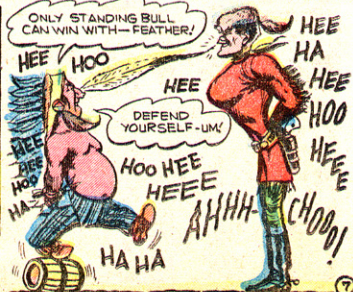
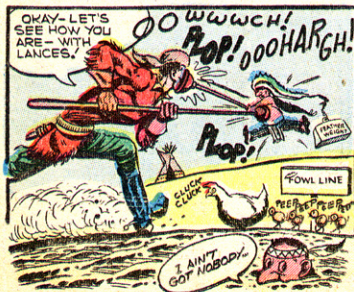
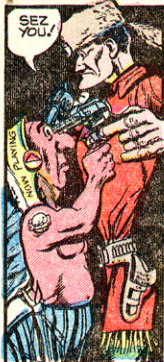
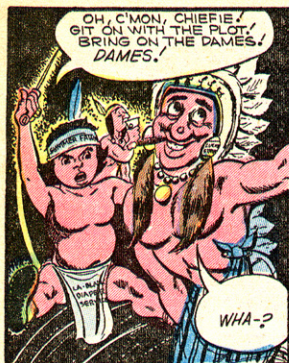


# EH! dig this crazy comic!



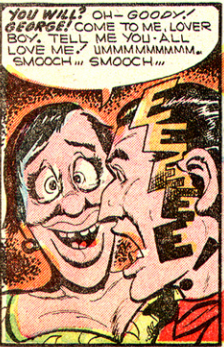
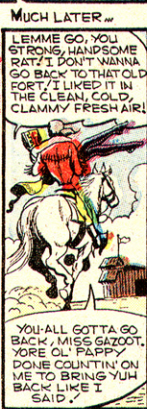
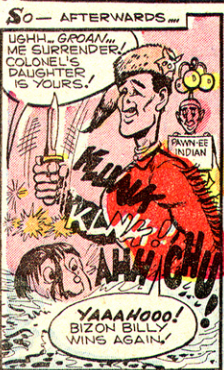
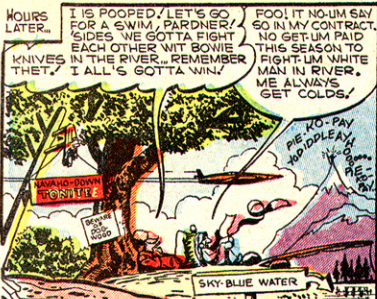


**EH! dig this crazy comic!**

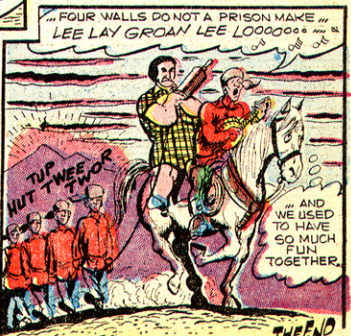




# EH! dig this crazy comic!



AND SO IT WAS THAT BIZON BILLY - THAT FEARLESS FIGHTER FOR LAW AND ORDER - RODE EVER WESTWARD - UNDAUNTED BY DANGER OR INDIANS - PUSHING EVER ONWARD WITH THE DESPERATE HOPE THAT MAYBE HIS WIFE AND FIVE CHILDREN WOULD FALL INTO A MID-HOLE AND NEVER COME OUT.





# WHAT DOES "EH" MEAN??

SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO: AL FAGO, EHI  
400 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

## (EDITOR)

Dear Editors:

I recently heard about your venture into a new field. Congratulations! Only — I don't quite understand what EH-H means! If your book really entertains, as the rumor has gone around that it does, then please put me down as a new fan. I've waited a long time to lock myself up with a comic book that is whimsical without being vile, and cynical without being libelous. *Cal T. Stevens, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

\* \* \*

## (DEALER)

I sneaked a look at the list of new magazines to be displayed on my stand in a few months — lo-and-behold — there was your new book — EHH! Now when people go "Ehh" — I'll know what they're looking for! *Richard Kronwitz, Houston, Texas.*

\* \* \*

## (ARTIST)

Hoo ha—ods bodkins—and EHHHHHH! One of my fiendish artist pals has just gotten around to finishing your western script (FRONTIER SCOUT in Eh No. 1—Ed.) — and what I want to know is — how come I ain't been called in too? *Some noise!* I want in on the ground floor — OR ELSE! *Marvin Morales, Bridgeport, Conn.*

\* \* \*

## (PRINTER)

I don't usually write letters to magazines — especially to comic mags, but after glancing at the silverproofs of EH Comics, I got my buddies to chip in for subscriptions. We almost died laughing and we almost got fired from our jobs! Let's see that second issue. *Paul Ferenz, Reno, Nevada.*

\* \* \*

## (ENGRAVER)

Here's hoping you put out a million issues of EH magazine. We need more comics of this type than the ones that have virtually flooded the

country. But PLEASE — keep away from being too smart and cynical — all of us need to laugh but *not* at the expense of others! *Allen McCormack, San Francisco.*

\* \* \*

## (WRITER)

Where oh where did you get the various stories for your first issue? I'm going to frame my advance copy. *Nothing* can top it! Don't ever change your type of humor. It's very rare nowadays. And whatever you do — don't imitate other magazines of the same kind. Enclosed is my dollar for twelve issues. Best of luck. *Ted Sturdevant, Bronx, N. Y.*

(*Don't worry, Ted. We're not copying ANY-ONE! Humor is universal, but being successful at it ISN'T! EH Comics is going to be a drooling collector's item. —Ed.*)

\* \* \*

## (LETTERER)

I ink and letter many comic magazine scripts, but I can't remember when I've ever had as much pleasure from a script as the one I received in the mail last week. IT HAS EVERYTHING! I had to re-read it three times and laugh over it three times before I could get down to business. CONGRATULATIONS. *Henry Brandt, Omaha, Neb.*

\* \* \*

## (DISTRIBUTOR)

After copping a look at your mag, my assistant and I practically drove right into a fire hydrant, we laughed so hard. But just let me ask one thing: What does EH-H mean? *Louis Garelli, Seattle, Wash.*

\* \* \*

(*How about it, readers — what does EH mean to you? We'll give the winner of the best letter sent in explaining EH, one dollar! —Editors of EH!*) So—until the same time next month . . . EHHHHH —MPHATICALLY YOURS,

—(EDITORS)

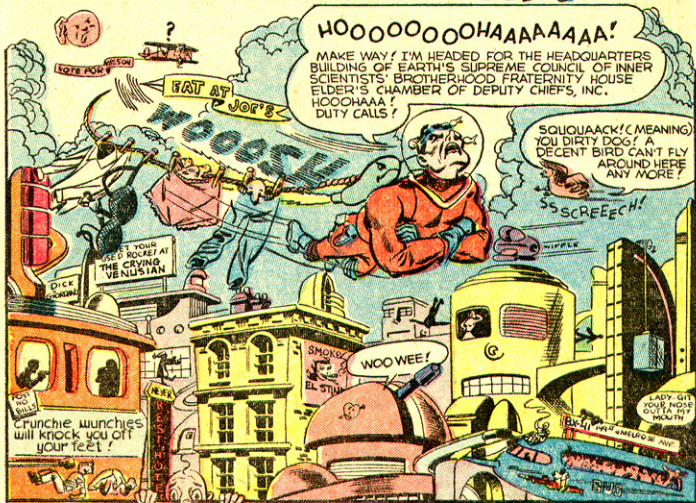


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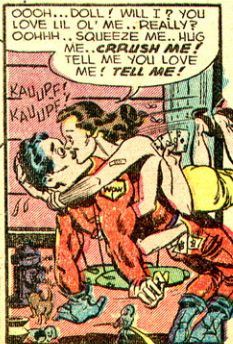
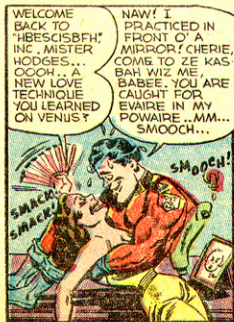
OUT OF THE BLUE HE CAME WHEN SENT FOR... THIS MAN OF THE FUTURE... THIS GUARDIAN OF THE SYSTEM... FOR WHENEVER EARTH WAS THREATENED... HE WAS ALWAYS AROUND TO SAVE IT! WHO? WHY... NONE OTHER THAN...

# BUCK HODGES

## IN THE 26TH CENTURY!

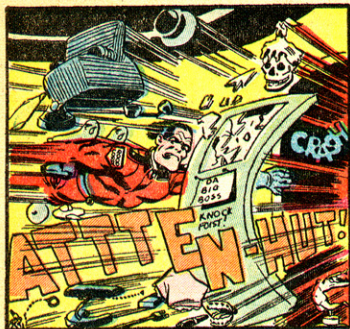


INSIDE...MOMENTS LATER...

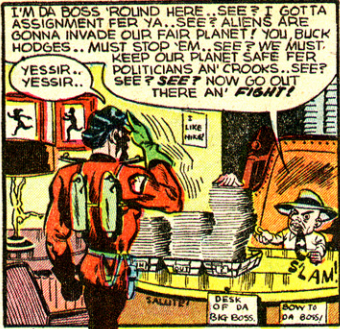
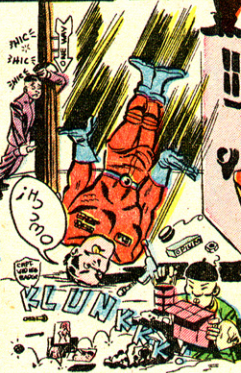
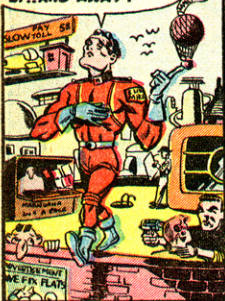




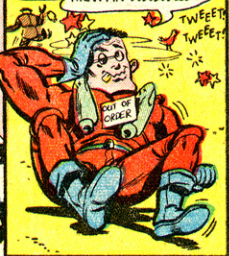
# EH! dig this crazy comic!



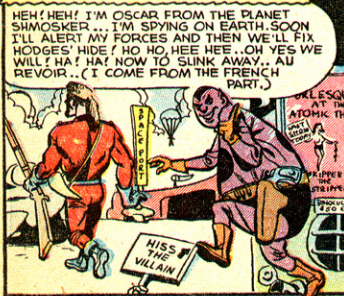
ODDS BODKINS! EARTH IS IN DIRE TROUBLE! ONLY I..BUCK HODGES...CAN SAVE IT! TIME'S A-WASTING! UP...UP...AND AWAY!



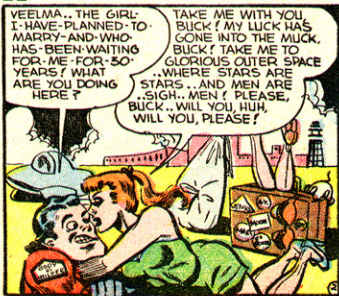
HEEEHOO...I..I FORGOT TO TURN ON MY JETS! GOTTA GET A BRAND NEW PAIR ANYHOO! I'LL BLACKMAIL THE SMILIN' MARTIAN INTO SENDING ME HIS LATEST SUPER-JET, EITHER THAT..OR I DON'T SAVE EARTH! WOW! I'M LATE! UP...UP...HIC...AN' AWAY...



**B**UT...UNKNOWN TO OUR HERO, LURKS...



**A**ND LATER, AT THE SPACEPORT...

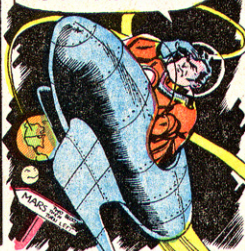




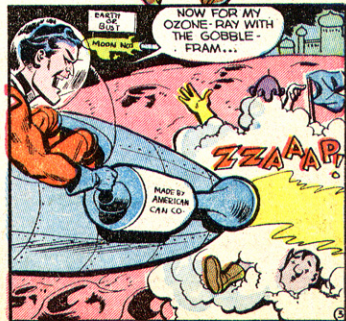
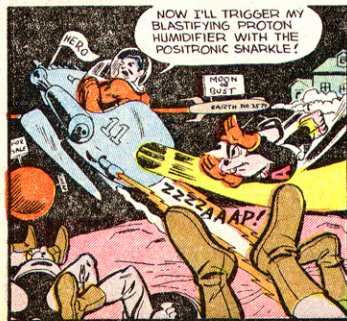
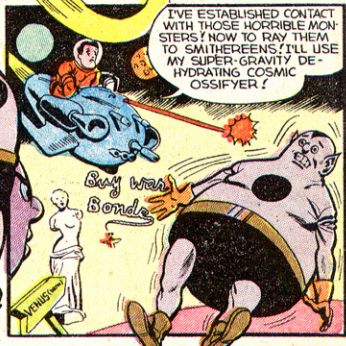
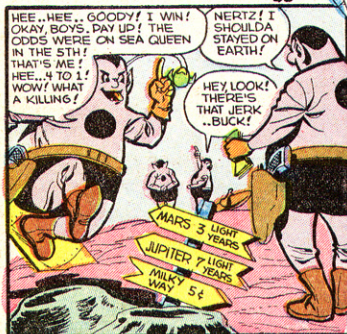
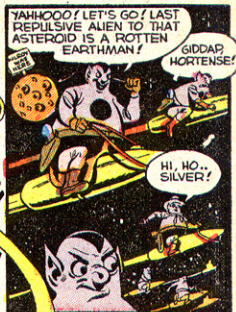
# EH! dig this crazy comic!



EVERY SECOND COUNTS! VEELMA WILL UNDERSTAND THAT I'M DOING THIS FOR HER! IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US! EARTH AND HER NEIGHBORING PALS MUST BE SAVED... AND ONLY I HAVE THE TALENT, INTELLIGENCE, SKILL, ABILITY, AND SAVVY TO SAVE 'EM!



BUT FROM OUTER SPACE... COMES A MIGHTY ALIEN ARMADA!

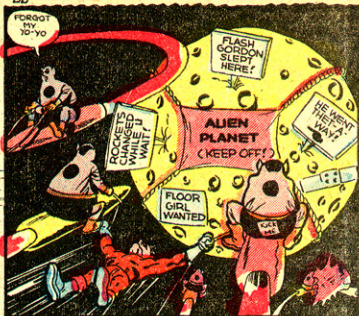




# EH! dig this crazy comic!



AND SO...SOME TIME LATER...THE PLANET SHMOSKER.



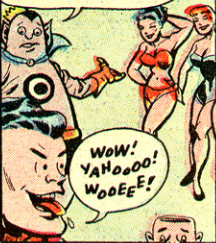
AND INSIDE THE PALACE OF THE KING OF SHMOSKER...

WELCOME, YO' ALL! I ALL IS DE KING OB SUTHIN SHMOSKER.. AS WELL AS NOTHIN, WESTIN AN' EASTIN SHMOSKER. WHA'S ALL DIS BALONEY 'BOUT OUR INVADIN' YO EOTH?

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT EVIL, MEAN ALIENS...AND I HATE YOU ALL!



BUT REALLY, OL' MAN..WE DON'T WANT YO DIRTY OL' PREJUDICED INSANE PLANET. WE ALL HAVE EVERYTHIN' HEAH.. DE ONLY SPIES WE ALL SEND OUT ARE.. TALENT SCOUTS... FO' OUR HAREM GIRLS!

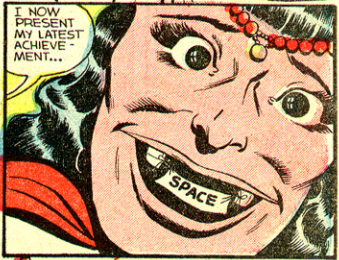
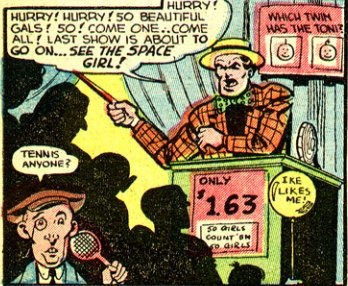


LEMME AT 'EM, KINGIE, PLEASE! PRETTY PLEASE! INVADE EARTH! WHO CARES? WOW! HEH? HEH!

RESTRAIN YO-SELF! I WILL MAKE YO A PRESENT O' MAH QUEEN! WE IS HOSPIABLE!



SO BACK ON EARTH, MONTHS LATER, BLICK HODGES MISSION WAS ENDED! HE HAS AT LAST CONQUERED SPACE!



AND SO BLICK HODGES, GREATEST SPACE MAN IN THE UNIVERSE, HAS RETIRED TO HIS TRUE CALLING IN LIFE... CARNIVAL OWNER... AND BROUGHT BACK HIS OWN SPACE TO A SPACELESS EARTH!

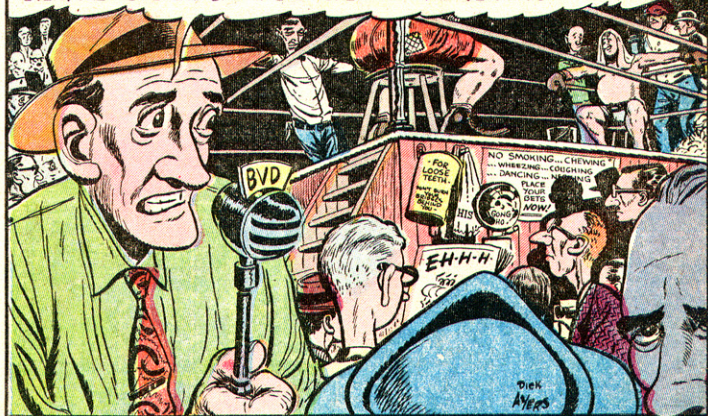


**EH! dig this crazy comic!**

IT STARTED OUT NORMALLY ENOUGH — A HEAVYWEIGHT CONTEST — A CROWDED ARENA — WILL ZERNO, THE GREAT FIGHT ANNOUNCER — A LARGE MONEY-GATE — AND **EDGAR SZISMOOTS!** WHO WAS EDGAR SZISMOOTS? WELL, READ ON AND SEE ... FOR

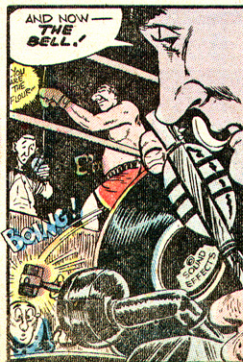
# THAT'S HOW T.V. WAS BORN !!

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN ... THIS IS WILL ZERNO, YOUR CUT-THROAT ANNOUNCER. CUT-THROAT BLADES ARE GUARANTEED TO CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE / WELL ... TONIGHT IS THE BIG FIGHT BETWEEN CHALLENGER CLARENCE GESUNDSHNOOK AND THE CHAMP, MURDEROUS MATTHEW MAMBO. EVERYONE IS HERE ... SIMPLY EVERYONE / REALLY ... **REALLY!**

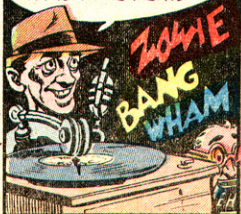


REFEREE SAPPHIRE SILVER IS TALKING TO THE TWO BOYS NOW IN HIS USUAL EFFICIENT, DYNAMIC, BRILLIANT WAY AND THEY ARE LISTENING INTENTLY TO EVERY PEARL OF WISDOM.

AND NOW — **THE BELL!**



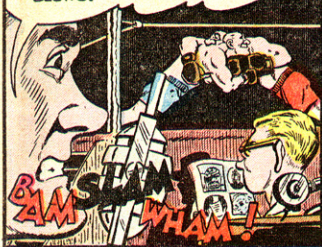
THIS PROMISES TO BE A SLAM-BANG FIGHT, LADIES IN GENTLEMEN. THE CHAMP IS LOOKING GOOD — **REAL GOOD! REALLY!** A RIGHT UPPERCUT TO THE ANKLES ... FOLLOWED BY A JAB TO THE KNEES / GESUNDSHNOOK COUNTERS WITH A LEFT SMASH TO THE ARMPITS / A TERRIFIC FIGHT!



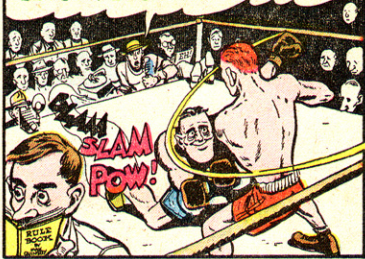


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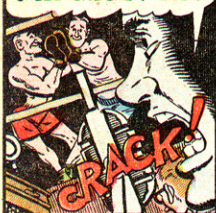
MAMBO HAS GLITCHED IN A RIGHT HOOK AND GESUNDSHNOOK HAS CAUGHT IT ON HIS ELBOW, BOTH ARE SIZING EACH OTHER UP... *OWWWW!* THERE GOES A WICKED BARRAGE OF BLOWS! MAMBO IS ROCKING WITH THE BLOWS.



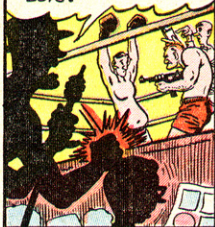
GESUNDSHNOOK SEES AN OPENING! HE GOES IN FOR THE KILL! NO - MAMBO HAS CRAWLED AWAY FROM HIM. THEY'RE CLINCHING - A LEFT... A RIGHT... A MIDDLE TO THE KIDNEYS... HISTORY IS BEING MADE TONIGHT.



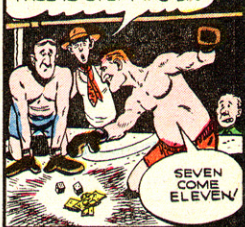
MEN, DOES YOUR THROAT HURT WITH ORDINARY RAZORS - WELL, USE CUT-THROAT RAZORS. YOUR THROAT WILL NEVER HURT NO MORE... *OWWWW!* IT'S ROUND TWO... MAMBO HAS USED HIS FAMOUS SKULL-CRUSHER PUNCH!



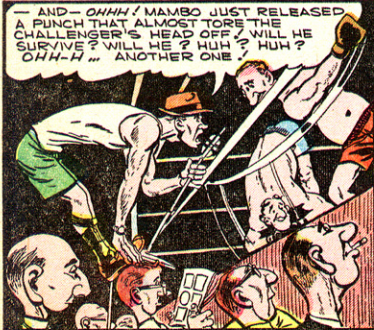
BUT THE CHALLENGER KEEPS HIS WITS AND BOUNCES BACK WITH A STRATEGY OF HIS OWN! WON! WHAT A FIGHT! WHAT A TERRIFIC MATCH OF TWO EQUALLY-FITTED BOYS!



MAMBO IS ROLLING NOW - THE BLOWS BOUNCE BACK - AND - HE WINS THIS THROW! REFEREE SAPPHIRE SILVER IS DOING A GOOD JOB IN THE RING... HE PLANS TO RETIRE AFTER THIS FIGHT. THE PACE IS STEPPING UP!



- AND - *OWHH!* MAMBO JUST RELEASED A PUNCH THAT ALMOST TORE THE CHALLENGER'S HEAD OFF! WILL HE SURVIVE? WILL HE? HUH? HUH? *OWH-H*... ANOTHER ONE!

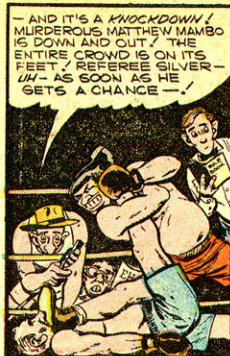


THE CHALLENGER HAS MADE A TERRIFIC COMEBACK WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH THAT IS JUST TERRIFICALLY TERRIFIC - RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

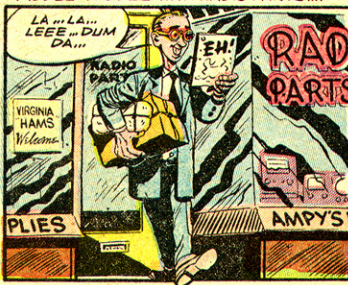




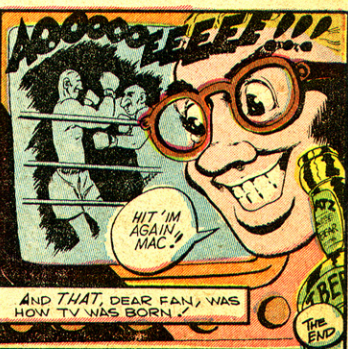
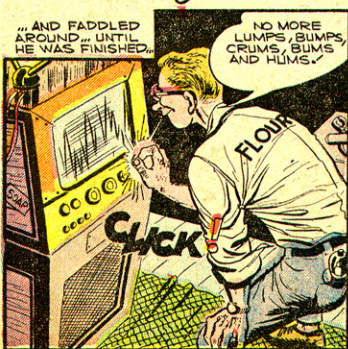
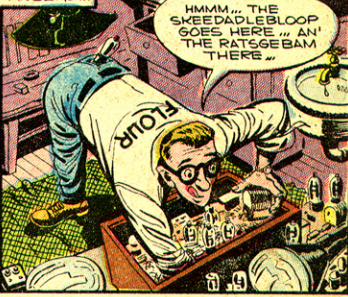
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AND WHO WAS EDGAR SZISMOOTS? A FIGHT-FAN, OF COURSE, WHO LIKED HIS FIGHTS, BUT WHO ALSO LIKED TO FIDDLE-FADDLE WITH RADIO PARTS...



...SO HE WENT HOME WITH SOME GADGETS THAT NEXT AFTERNOON AND FIDDLER AROUND...





# STOP SMOKING!

New, safe formula helps you break habit in just **ONE minute!**  
Tobacco gurgle — tobacco fingers — tobacco whine — tobacco ears.

## YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Shivers
- Tobacco Bad Breath
- Tobacco Quivers
- Tobacco Itch
- Athlete's Foot
- Poisonous Harold Teen
- Tobacco Tobacco



No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthy nicotine and smoke habit, this brilliant scientific (easy to use) one-minute formula will help you **STOP SMOKING** — in just **ONE minute!** Countless thousands who have broken the vicious **TOBACCO HABIT** now feel different, look different — actually **ARE** different by trying this wonderful **DISCOVERY**.

## ATTENTION DOCTORS:

We can help you doctors too! Don't be a quack all your life — **GET SMART** — Don't puff on those coffin-nails. We **GUARANTEE** you peace and quiet. No more sick patients — no more money — No more **NOTHING!**



**YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN ONE MINUTE!**

## HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

Numerous medical papers have been written about the evil, slimy, awful — **JUST TERRIBLE** effects of Tobacco knuckles, Tobacco Brains, Tobacco pastafazools. **IN JUST ONE MINUTE** — you can avoid these **GOSH-AWFUL** symptoms!

## HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SMOKE!

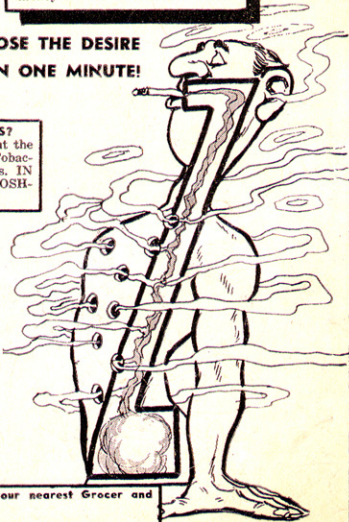
The nicotine-laden smoke you inhale goes around and around and finally just plain gets **TIRED** and decides to set and set and set. Stop this danger — stop Tobacco Blood, Tobacco eyes, Tobacco Tonsils . . . **STOP IT — PUL-EASE!**

Don't be a slave to Tobacco . . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, abnormal living. Try this amazing discovery for just one minute . . . If it doesn't break you of the smoking habit forever . . . then return your cadaver in ten days and we will provide your embalming fluid — **FREE!!**

**MAIL COUPON NOW!** I will pay postman nothing for this marvelous offer: .45 Colt pistol — steel-rolled — moisture packed — My troubles will be over — almost **IMMEDIATELY!** **DON'T DELAY — RUN — do not walk — AND SEE!**

**SEND NO MONEY —** Tear off the top of your nearest Grocer and **AIRMAIL! YES — AIRMAIL AT ONCE to:**

**GRAVEYARD BLDG., Cemetery House**  
4444 & 4 Fourth Avenue, Hades, Beyond . . .  
**Mail in your Coupon Today!**



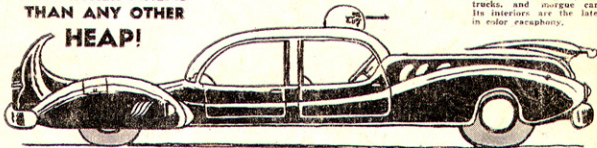


# MOTORISTS... STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

## SONTIAC SIX

...IN NEW AND  
ADVANCED STYLING

IS FARTHER AHEAD  
THAN ANY OTHER  
HEAP!



The new long, low, sleeky lines of the 1953 Sontiac Six sets new standards in the heap-field. This superbly styled body by Visher is only found in varona, milk-trucks, and morgue cars. Its interiors are the latest in color cacaphony.

### ... IN HIGH POWERED PERFORMANCE

The entirely new 5 mph Black & Blue engine is with new Glideshmlied... brings you new low-compression power (1 to 1 compression ratio) and a wonderful loss in economy that provides maximum irritation for those back-seat drivers you want to eliminate.

### ... IN SMOOTH, SIMPLE AUTOMATIC DRIVING

Expect faster getaways when you rob banks... new power to scare pedestrians... new automatic passing range to beat police cars... and wonderful hand-steering that gives you muscles on your arms and bruises on your palms.



### ... IN ECONOMY AND VALUE

Fingertip touch — guaranteed to crack your fingers! now — more bills than ever! You'll pay like you never paid before! It remains the lowest value in the highest price field there is!



### ... IN AMERICA'S FAVOR

Again this year — as in every year — less people are buying Sontiacs than any other car! Official registration shows more drivers have been arrested in Sontiacs than any other make!

For the thrill of your lifetime — for the pleasure of never owning one — Sontiac Six makes you feel right at home in the graveyard. The only heap of its kind that falls apart at the slightest tremble. If you want something DIFFERENT — then rush right out and have your head examined!

SEE YOUR SONTIAC DEALER TODAY. Some are located in booby hatches — others are located in your nearest police station — while others are found under the hoods of other cars — stealing the motors of friendly competitors. ABOVE ALL — SONTIAC SIX comes in 3 great new series: GARBAGE RIVIERA... only \$26,000 plus Fed. Tax. DEGENERATE SIX... only \$15,000 plus Fed. Tax. ZIPPEDEEDODDAH... only \$2.00 plus your right leg.

DRIVE IT AND SEE! YOU'LL NEVER BE IN YOUR  
RIGHT MIND AGAIN!

...ASK THE NUT  
WHO OWNS ONE!